MARVEL
GRAPHIC NOVEL
MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
BLACK
WIDOW
ABATTOIR
JIM STARLIN
JOE CHIODO

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TOP-SECRET
Black Widow
SHIELD – TOP SECRET – SHIELD
Subject: Natalia (Natasha) Romanova
Code name: Black Widow
Height: 5'7"
Weight: 125 lbs.
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Red-auburn (sometimes dyed black)
Status: Former KGB agent, defected to the United States; on extended visa (SHIELD authorization). One-time Avenger and Champion. Currently part-time SHIELD intelligence agent (inactive status). Requested indefinite leave of absence due to duty-related stress. It is believed that a certain amount of dissatisfaction with current SHIELD operations and methods contributed to this decision.
Base of operations: Mobile, Alabama and New York, New York.
Known associates: Hawkeye, former paramour. Daredevil, fellow adventurer, possibly linked romantically.
Abilities: Gymnast, master at Karate, judo, akido, savate and boxing. Proficient in the use of most modern firearms, though she seldom uses them. Prefers wristlet weapons of her own design and construction. Weapon modified to fit occasion.
Contact N.R. on CB

TOP-SE
Daredevil
SHIELD – TOP SECRET – SHIELD
Subject: Daredevil
Code Name: None
Height: 6'0"
Weight: 200 lbs.
Eyes: Unknown
Hair: Unknown
Status: Lone adventurer, though has been associated with several groups of paranormals: Avengers, Fantastic Four, Defenders, etc. Currently appears to be concentrating his crime-fighting efforts on organized and street-level crime, with only occasional run-ins with criminals classified as super villains.
Base of operations: New York City's Hell's Kitchen. Daredevil has apparently taken this troubled section of town under his wing and become its unofficial protector.
Known associates: Elektra (deceased), possible love interest.
Natalia (Natasha) Romanova/Black Widow, fellow adventurer and perhaps lover.
Matthew Michael Murdock, blind friend and disbarred attorney.
Abilities: Apparently has no so-called super powers, though runs with the crowd where those abilities are common. Olympic-class athlete and gymnast. Appears to be a master of a variety of martial arts, but a strict adherent to no one discipline. Only weapon subject appears to use is a billy-club affair that has some kind of grappling hook/line apparatus incorporated into it.
Side note: Several agents who have seen the subject in action — performing seemingly impossible physical feats — have hypothesized that Daredevil may have inhumanly keen senses. (Drug induced? Results of some unknown martial arts training? Mutation?) Further investigation along these lines is recommended.
Side Note: pretty far-fetched. What've those research boys been smoking?
Nick Fury —

I'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT ABOUT LIFE AND DEATH DURING THE PAST TWELVE HOURS.
WHEN SOMETHING SURROUNDS AND MADLY ENGULFS YOUR ENTIRE EXISTENCE, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT GIVE IT MORE THAN JUST CASUAL CONSIDERATION.

LIFE IS FLUID.
SOME 90% OF WHAT WE ARE IS MADE UP OF WATER.
WITHOUT THIS PRECIOUS LIQUID WE ARE NOTHING.
WE CEASE TO EXIST.
WE'RE DEAD.
THIS WATER'S CARRIED AROUND IN THIN-SKINNED SACKS.
WE MUST ALL BE INSANE TO RACE RECKLESSLY ABOUT...
...IN A WORLD FILLED WITH SO MANY SHARP AND POINTED DANGERS.
THAT'S JUST ASKING FOR TROUBLE.
THIS PLACE IS THOROUGHLY DRENCHED IN PRECIOUS FLUIDS.
THE WATERS OF LIFE ARE EVERYWHERE.
ON THE WALLS... ON THE FLOOR... EVERYWHERE...

SO WHY DOES THE PLACE SMELL SO OF DEATH?
I KNOW I'M LOSING IT. CAN'T HELP IT.
IT'S JUST THAT I'VE SPENT THE LAST MALE DAY HELPLESSLY WATCHING SHIELD AGENT WILSON BEING SLOWLY AND SADISTICALLY BUTCHERED.
ALL DONE, CHARLIE HONEY?
TIME ROSIE FINALLY GOT HER LICKS IN.
I NEVER TRULY KNEW SUCH INHUMAN DEPRAVITY WAS POSSIBLE.
THAT KIND OF HORROR WARPS REALITY, MAKES YOU STUPID WITH TERROR.
IT'S THE NIGHTMARE HOUR IN ROSE'S FUN-TIME SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

ROSE'S LITTLE MAN IS ALL TUCKERED OUT, AIN'T HE?
YOU DID GOOD, CHARLIE. A REAL MASTERPIECE.
CHARLIE KNOWS THE ART. NO ONE DOES IT BETTER.
SLEEP TIGHT, SUGAR.
♫ EENIE, MEANIE, MINIE MO WHO WILL BE NEXT ONE TO GO? ♫
MAMMA SAYS IT'S AGENT TURN TO PLAY!
NO!
GET AWAY FROM HIM, YOU MANIAC!!
I RECOGNIZE A FUTILE GESTURE WHEN I INDULGE IN ONE, BUT I TRY ANYHOW.
RED, TEMPER TANTRUMS AND BAD MANNERS WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.
NOWHERE BUT...
...PAINVILLE!

MY WORLD GOES CRIMSON.
BEEN HANGING TOO LONG.
NO STAMINA LEFT.
I TUMBLE OUT OF MY WORLD AND INTO MEMORY.
DISCIPLINE.
SPARE THE BLADE AND SPOIL THE CHILD.
ANNE BAXTER AND I MET IN RUSSIA, BACK WHEN I WAS A SOVIET AGENT.
SHE WAS WITH THE AMERICAN EMBASSY AND, DESPITE BEING ON DIFFERENT SIDES OF THE FENCE, WE BECAME FRIENDS.
ANNE HELPED ME ESCAPE WHEN I DECIDED TO DEFECT.
THE RELATIONSHIP OUTLASTED THE POLITICAL TENSIONS.

DEAD?
HOW?
MURDERED.
BY WHO?
WE DON'T KNOW YET.
HOW'D SHE DIE?
YOU SURE YOU WANT TO KNOW?
YES.
A KNIFE.
SOMEONE BUTCHERED HER.
SHE WANTED YOU TO HAVE THIS IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO HER.
DOES THIS BIRD HAVE SOME SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE?
FREEDOM.
FREEDOM?
THAT'S WHAT THE STATUE'S CALLED.

I THINK I UNDERSTAND.
WHAT WAS CHRISTINE WORKING ON?
CAN'T SAY. CLASSIFIED.
DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT CRAP, FURY.
THIS IS A STRICTLY NEED-TO-KNOW SHIELD MATTER, TAS.
NOW IF YOU WERE PART OF THE ASSIGNMENT...
BUT YOU MADE IT PERFECTLY CLEAR DURING OUR LAST MEETING, YOU DON'T WORK FOR SHIELD ANY LONGER.
THAT WAS THEN. THIS IS NOW.
I'LL HAVE THE CASE FILE SENT OVER TO YOUR APARTMENT.
"THE FILE WAS INTERESTING READING, TO SAY THE LEAST.
"LIKE SOMETHING WRITTEN BY STEPHEN KING.

"SOMEONE WAS KILLING OFF FORMER SHIELD ESPER AGENTS AND OTHER LOW LEVEL TELEPATHS WORKING IN GOVERNMENT RESEARCH.
"THEIR EXISTENCE CAME AS NO SURPRISE TO ME; I USED TO BE AN AVENGER.
"THE SNOCKER WAS THAT SOMEONE HAD MURDERED 10 OF THEM IN THE LAST THREE MONTHS
"EACH OF THEM HAD BEEN LAST SEEN IN LOWER MANHATTAN.
"ONLY A FEW OF THEIR BODIES HAD TURNED UP, TERRIBLY MUTILATED.
"BUT ALL WERE PRESUMED DEAD.
"CHRISTINE MUST HAVE GOTTEN TOO CLOSE TO SOLVING THE CASE.
"THEY FOUND HER REMAINS STUFFED DOWN A SEWER DRAIN.
"FURY'S PEOPLE HAD RULED OUT ANY FOREIGN CONNECTION TO THE NETWORK.
"HAD TO AGREE. THE KILLINGS WEREN'T PROFESSIONAL.
"MUCH TOO SLOPPY AND PUBLIC.

"EVERYTHING POINTED TO THIS BEING THE WORK OF AN *AMATEUR PSYCHO*.
"BUT THAT DIDN'T *RING TRUE* WITH ME. ONE *BIG HOLE* IN THAT THEORY."
"*HOW* WOULD THE KILLER KNOW HIS VICTIMS WERE *TELEPATHS?*"
"RIGHT. THEIR *SPECIAL ABILITIES* WERE *CLASSIFIED INFORMATION*."
"THERE HAS TO BE *SOMEONE* ON THE *INSIDE* INVOLVED WITH THESE KILLINGS."
"NOT NECESSARILY, *TAS*. HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S ONLY *GOVERNMENT ESPERS* GETTING KILLED?"
"GOOD POINT. I KNEW CALLING YOU IN ON THIS WOULD BE A SMART MOVE. *FURY* CAN CHECK FOR RECENT MURDERS WITH THE SAME *MO*."
"YOU WERE RIGHT, *MATT*. *SHIELD* CANVASSED THE *TRI-STATE AREA* AND CAME UP WITH A NUMBER OF *SIMILAR CASES*."
"HOW MANY?"
"40."
"THAT MANY... GOOD LORD!"

YOU FIGURE ANY OF THE VICTIMS MIGHT HAVE BEEN LATENT TELEPATHS?
MAYBE ALL OF THEM.
I FIGURE MATT MURDOCK AND HIS "LEGAL AID," NATASHA ROMANOVA, CAN HELP US FIND OUT.
EXCUSE ME, MRS. WALKER. I'M WITH...
...MURDOCK AND ASSOCIATES AND WE'RE INVESTIGATING...
...THE DEATH OF YOUR DAUGHTER, SUSAN.
COULD YOU TELL ME A BIT ABOUT YOUR SON?
"HE WAS A GOOD BOY, NEVER ANY TROUBLE.
"KIND OF STRANGE, SOMETIMES, THOUGH.
"AS IF SHE KNEW WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT TO SAY...
"...LIKE SHE COULD READ YOUR MIND."

...KILLED AT LEAST SO TELEPATHS THAT WE KNOW OF.
BUT HOW? HOW DID HE OR SHE DISCOVER THEM?
MOST OF THE VICTIMS WEREN'T EVEN AWARE THEY POSSESSED LATENT ESP TALENT.
IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE.
YOU FIGURE OUR KILLER'S A TELEPATH?
MAKES SENSE.
IT ALSO MAKES FOR VERY DANGEROUS PREY.
WHICH MEANS THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TRACK DOWN THIS CRAZY.
WE'RE GOING TO NEED BAIT FOR THE TRAP.
NICK FURY PROVIDED IT.
EXCEPT FOR ONE.
IT WASN'T EASY ARRANGING BUT...
...I HAD EVERY KNOWN TELEPATH TRANSFERRED OUT OF THE TRI-STATE AREA.

FORMER ESPER AGENT FRED WILSON, RETIRED. HE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S RE-UPPED. LIVES IN THE BIG APPLE.
I'VE GOT DEXTER BANCROFT AND ANOTHER TOP SHIELD AGENT SURREPTITIOUSLY FOLLOWING WILSON DAY AND NIGHT.
NEITHER OF THEM KNOWS YOU'LL BE SHADOWING THEM.
PERFECT.
TWO LAYERS OF PROTECTION.
NEVER LIKED USING PEOPLE LIKE THIS.
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY AND...
I KNOW. I'M GOING TO NEED THAT BUFFER ZONE IF I WANT TO TAKE THIS TELEPATHIC KILLER BY SURPRISE.
YOU STILL PLAY FOR HIGH STAKES, FURY.
IT'S THE NATURE OF THE WORK.
WHEN STALKING AN UNKNOWN QUARRY, THE ONLY THING THE HUNTER REALLY HAS WORKING FOR HER IS PATIENCE AND ENDURANCE.

LITERALLY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WANDERING AROUND NEW YORK AND EVERY ONE A SUSPECT.
THIS KIND OF BAD GUY DOESN'T WEAR A SIGN AROUND HIS NECK PROCLAIMING HIS INTENTIONS.
THE ANONYMOUS TERROR.
THE KILLER THAT LOOKS JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
ONLY THE ACT REVEALS THE TRUTH.
8 DAYS WITH MATT RELIEVING ME WITH 5 HOURS OF SLEEP EACH NIGHT.
WONDERING IF THE KILLER MIGHT HAVE MOVED ON.
OR GONE AFTER SOME OTHER TELEPATH UNKNOWN TO US.
NOT KNOWING.
UNTIL...
IT WAS LIKE HITTING THE LOTTERY.

THE HEART WAS PUMPING PURE ADRENALINE.
I PRAYED THIS WASN'T JUST SOME RANDOM NEW YORK MUGGING.
THE DOUBT DIDN'T HOLD ME BACK ANY.
MY 125 POUNDS CRASHED DOWN ON HIM LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.
SO YOU CAN IMAGINE MY SHOCK WHEN HE DIDN'T STAY DOWN.
READIED MYSELF TO RIP INTO HIM WITH EVERYTHING I HAD.
WHICH IS WHY THE VAN DOOR CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE.

CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED LIKE SOME RANK AMATEUR.
SHOULD HAVE USED MY WIDOW'S BITE RIGHT OFF.
A DEADLY MISTAKE.
ONE NOT ONLY I WOULD HAVE TO PAY FOR.
A LIFE FULL OF SHOULD OFS.
BANCROFT.
WILSON.
"THEY'VE LOADED ALL THREE INTO THE VAN AND ARE HEADING UPTOWN."
"I REPEAT: TAKE NO ACTION, DAREDEVIL."
BUS

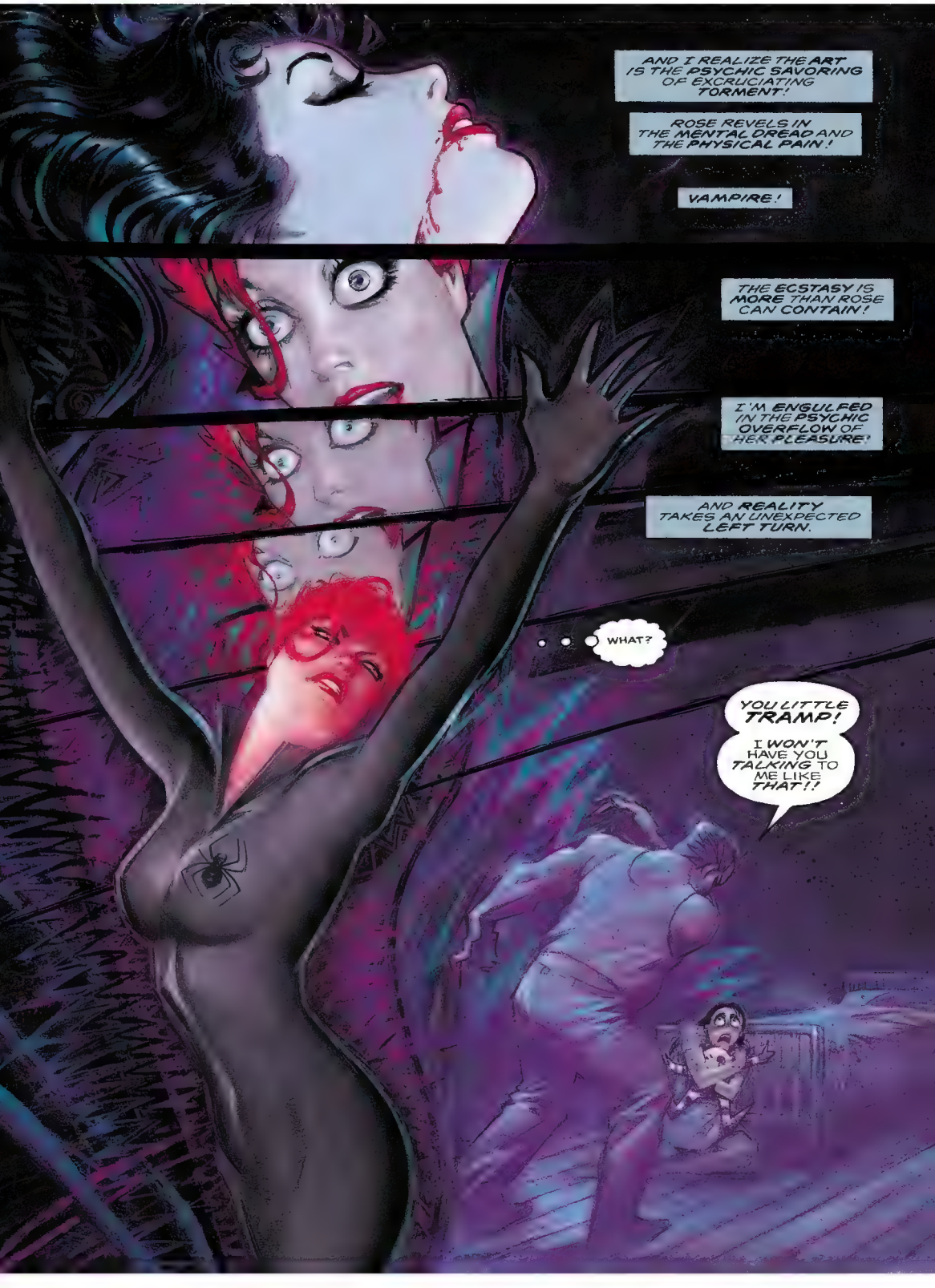
JUST USE THAT TRACKING DEVICE TO FOLLOW THE SIGNAL FROM THE BUG WE PLANTED IN THE WIDOW'S BRACELET.
I'VE GOT A SPECIALLY EQUIPPED SQUAD ON THE WAY.
LET THEM PLAY HERO THIS TIME.
WHY SHOULD I?
BECAUSE THAT PAIR ALREADY TOOK OUT ONE OF YOU SUPER HERO HOTSHOTS.
ISN'T THAT ENOUGH REASON?
LET THE PROS HANDLE IT.
ONLY IF THE PROS SHOW UP IN TIME.

"THEY'RE HEADING UP PARK AVENUE, AROUND 75TH STREET
"I DON'T LIKE THIS, FURY."
WHERE'S THE CAVALRY?
STUCK IN TRAFFIC AROUND 57TH STREET.
I'M GOING IN.
DON'T! WE LOSE YOU WE LOSE ANY CHANCE OF SAVING THEM!
THEN MOVE IT, FURY! HURRY!
"FURY, THEY'RE PULLING ONTO THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE!
"WHERE ARE YOUR MEN?!"
THIS IS NOT WORKING OUT, HORNHEAD.
WHERE?!
AROUND 125TH STREET.
IT'S YOUR MOVE, DAREDEVIL.
I'M TAKING THEM OUT!

BUT SOMETIMES INTENTIONS ARE BEYOND REALIZATION, EVEN FOR US SUPER HERO HOTSHOTS.
UNUSUALLY LIGHT TRAFFIC AND THE VAN HITS THE FAST LANE.
I NEED WHEELS.
IN A MAD RUSH I PICK A TAXI JUST PULLING ONTO THE BRIDGE.
A BIG MISTAKE.

OUT!
EMERGENCY. SORRY.
THE CABBIE IS QUITE GRACIOUS ABOUT RELINQUISHING HIS VEHICLE.
A BLIND MAN AT THE WHEEL OF A CAB! EVERY NEW YORKER'S NIGHTMARE.
IT'S NOT UNTIL I'M BEHIND THE WHEEL THAT I REALIZE THE TAXI'S RUNNING ON ONLY 7 OF ITS 8 CYLINDERS.
THE VAN'S HAULING ASH. I'M NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO OVERTAKE THEM.
JUST STAY WITHIN RANGE OF THE BUG'S TRANSMISSIONS!
A CHOPPER WILL BE PICKING UP THE SPECIAL SQUAD.
THEY'LL BE WITH YOU WITHIN THE HOUR!
IT'S BEEN NEARLY TWO HOURS, FURY!
NO CHOPPER. APPROPRIATIONS TROUBLE.
I'VE LOST THE SIGNAL, FURY! THEY'RE OUT OF RANGE!
WHAT'S YOUR PRESENT LOCATION?
"YOU GOT ME,
"SOMEWHERE IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS!

OF COURSE I WOKE UP WITHOUT MY WEAPONS BRACELETS, HANGING LIKE A SLAB OF MEAT.
EVERY TIME I COME AROUND, SOMEONE'S SCREAMING.
EEE
PLEASE... NO MORE... PAIN...
BUT THAT'S WHY I DO IT, SUGAR.
THERE'S ART IN THE AGONY.
YOU'RE MY CANVAS.
MY IN-PROGRESS PORTRAIT OF DEATH.
A MASTER-WORK IN THE MAKING.
LIFE IS FINITE!
ART IS FOREVER!


AND I REALIZE THE ART IS THE PSYCHIC SAVORING OF EXCRUCIATING TORMENT!
ROSE REVELS IN THE MENTAL DREAD AND THE PHYSICAL PAIN!
VAMPIRE!
THE ECSTASY IS MORE THAN ROSE CAN CONTAIN!
I'M ENGULFED IN THE PSYCHIC OVERFLOW OF HER PLEASURE!
AND REALITY TAKES AN UNEXPECTED LEFT TURN.
WHAT?
YOU LITTLE TRAMP!
I WON'T HAVE YOU TALKING TO ME LIKE THAT!!

EMOTION RESPONDS BEFORE INTELLECT CAN REASON.
STOP THAT!
I PASS THROUGH THE BRUTE LIKE THE GHOST OF GOOD INTENTIONS.
HUH?
IT TAKES A MOMENT TO REALIZE THEY'RE NOT REALLY HERE.
OR MAYBE IT'S ME WHO'S NOT.
IT'S ROSE!
ROSE AS SHE MUST HAVE BEEN AT 12 YEARS OLD!
THEN I GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE GIRL!
I'VE FALLEN INTO HER PAST, HER MEMORIES.

HOW MANY TIMES I WARN YOU?!
HOW MANY TIMES I HAVE TO BEAT YOU?!
STILL YOU DON'T LEARN!!
WELL, MAYBE THIS'LL POUND SOME SENSE INTO YOU!
NOOOO!
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR NO MORE, ROSE.
HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR LIES.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SPLIT ME AND YOUR DADDY UP.

ALWAYS CARRYING ON. GET OUT.
THINK YOU'RE SPECIAL OR SOMETHING, DON'T YA?
WELL, YOU AIN'T.
A NIGHTMARE CHILDHOOD.
NO WONDER SHE TURNED INTO SUCH A MONSTER.
STILL, IT'S NO EXCUSE.
SO WHO AM I CRYING FOR? HER OR ME?
TEARS.
SWEAT
TWELVE HOURS WITHOUT WATER, DEHYDRATING.
LEFT WRIST COMING LOOSE.
A WAY OUT?
WORK THE WRIST, BUT BE COOL.
DON'T LET ROSE SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT!!

THE SNOW KEEPS COMING DOWN.
THE ROADS ARE GETTING DANGEROUS.
LOST CONTACT WITH FURY HOURS AGO.
JUST KEEP DRIVING HOPING TO PICK UP THE BUG'S SIGNAL.
RADAR SENSE AND ADRENALINE! THE ONLY THINGS KEEPING ME ON THE ROAD.
ONLY HOPE TO SAVE NATASHA.
I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, GAL. I PROMISE.
I REMEMBER OUR NIGHTS TOGETHER, THE THINGS WE SHARED.
I WON'T LET THEM KILL YOU! I WON'T!!"
GO AHEAD AND TAKE IT.
I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT.

DEAR GOD, ROSE ACTUALLY HAS BANCROFT UNDER HER MENTAL CONTROL!
A MORE POWERFUL TELEPATH THAN I SUSPECTED!
AN OFFER HE CAN'T REFUSE.
I SEE TWO POSSIBLE SCENARIOS COMING DOWN HERE.
NEITHER VERY APPEALING.
TAKE THE KNIFE.
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

BACK IN ROSE'S CHILDHOOD!
WHAT NOW?

NO
NO
NO

CRIMSON LIGHTS FLASHING IN THE NIGHT.
SCARLET FLUID DRYING ON A TENEMENT STAIRCASE.
A CHILD THAT DOES NOT CRY.
AND A PHANTOM THAT CANNOT SPEAK THE TRUTH.
YES, SHE WAS DRINKING PRETTY HEAVILY.
I WAS ALWAYS WARNING HER TO BE CAREFUL ON THOSE RICKETY OLD STAIRS, BUT...
DUPIZ
DECAFFERY
LIES PRESENTED AND ACCEPTED.
SINS GOING UNPUNISHED.
AND ROSE RECEIVES A NEW LAYER OF PSYCHIC SCAR TISSUE TO HELP HER GROW INTO A TWISTED ADULT.
HEY, LADY...
SHE SEES ME!!

. . . YOU KNOW DADDY'S GOT TO PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY MA.
BUP!
DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE READING ME OR NOT, FURY, BUT I JUST PICKED UP THE WIDOW'S SIGNAL!
I'M HEADING IN!
THE QUESTION IS: HOW MUCH FURTHER CAN I GO IN THIS TAXI?
18 INCHES OF SNOW ON THE ROADS.
DRIVING'S BECOME NEAR IMPOSSIBLE.
LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE HOOFING IT BEFORE LONG.

I DISCOVERED I COULD CONTROL OTHER PEOPLE WHEN I WAS ABOUT 10 YEARS OLD.
AT FIRST I HAD TO CATCH THEM OFF GUARD, SLEEPING OR DAY DREAMING.
"STARTED OFF JUST TOYING WITH MY CLASSMATES.
"HARMLESS PRANKS MOST OF THE TIME.
"BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT POWER CORRUPTING.
"THAT NIGHT I WAITED UNTIL DADDY WAS REAL DRUNK.
"TOO DRUNK TO RESIST ME.

"I LEFT HIM JUST ENOUGH AWARENESS TO KNOW WHAT WAS COMING DOWN.
"BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE THE WILL TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
"MY LUMBERING PARENTAL PUPPET WENT TO THE ROOF WITHOUT COMMENT OR COMPLAINT.
"PERFECTLY OBEDIENT. DISCIPLINED WITHOUT ME..."

"...EVER HAVING TO LAY A HAND ON HIM.
GO AHEAD, DAD!
CAN'T! TOO HIGH!
IT'S JUST A STEP DOWN.
I'LL DIE!
I KNOW.

I GUESS THIS MAKES ME AN ORPHAN.
HOW SAD.
BUT YOU KNOW, MOMMA WAS WRONG.
DEAD WRONG.
IT TURNED OUT I WAS VERY SPECIAL.

THIS'S AS FAR AS THIS JUNK HEAP'S GOING.
THEN AGAIN I'M NOT SURE HOW LONG I'M GOING TO LAST IN THIS WEATHER.
AN HOUR, MAYBE TWO.
IF THE WIDOW'S ANY FARTHER AWAY THAN THAT...
...WE'RE BOTH HISTORY!!

BUT YOU FOUND YOU WEREN'T QUITE AS SPECIAL AS YOU THOUGHT, DIDN'T YOU?
MET MY FIRST TELEPATH IN A BAR IN JERSEY. GOT HIM DRUNK AND SLIT HIS THROAT.
HE HAD TO DIE. THEY ALL DO.
OTHERWISE I WON'T BE SPECIAL.
"WHAT ABOUT CHARLIE?
"HE'S JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL SERIAL KILLER.
"MET HIM ALONG THE WAY AND NOW USE HIM FOR HEAVY WORK.
"BUT CHARLIE DID TEACH ME ABOUT THE ART.
"FROM HIS MIND I DISCOVERED THE BEAUTY OF WHAT WE DO.
"IT'S ALL LIKE SOME GRAND EPIC PLAY TO CHARLIE

"THIS SHACK IS HIS STAGE. HE BUILT IT AND CHERISHES IT.
"HE RELISHES THE DRAMATIC BUILD-UP, THE LIFE AND DEATH SUSPENSE.
"BUT WHAT HE LOVES MORE THAN ANYTHING IS...
"...A GOOD CLIMAX!"

AND THEN THERE WAS ONE.
MATT, WHERE ARE YOU?
CHARLIE, ME BOY, WE'VE GOT COMPANY ON THE WAY.

GOD HELP ME!
I WAS SO BUSY NOT THINKING ABOUT MY WRISTS I BETRAYED MATT!
KNEW HE'D BACK ME UP EVEN THOUGH HE NEVER SAID ANYTHING.
HAVE TO USE THIS BLUNDER TO MY ADVANTAGE.

ALMOST THERE!
BLIP! BLIP! BLIP!
BUT WILL I BE OF ANY USE WHEN I FINALLY ARRIVE?
SO CHILLED AND STIFF.
AND THE COLD, SNOW AND WIND ARE THOROUGHLY SCREWING UP MY HYPER SENSES.
BUMPED INTO THREE TREES SO FAR.
GOT TO PULL IT TOGETHER.
TAS NEEDS ME.
CAN'T FAIL HER NOW.
WHAT?

EVEN THROUGH THIS MESS I CAN SMELL THE DRYING BLOOD ON HIM.
TAS'S BLOOD?! AM I TOO LATE?
DAMN YOUR INCOMPETENCE, FURY!
DAMN THAT BEAT-UP OLD TAXI!
DAMN THIS SNOW!
DAMN EVERYTHING!

IT'S LIKE BEATING ON A BRICK WALL.
THERE'S ROCK-HARD MUSCLE UNDER THAT FLAB.
SURE, MAYBE I CAN'T READ HIM AS WELL AS I SHOULD!
BUT I CAN SENSE HIM ENOUGH TO HIT HIM!
BUT I'VE FACED TOUGHER AND WALKED AWAY A WINNER.
IT WON'T BE ANY DIFFERENT TODAY!

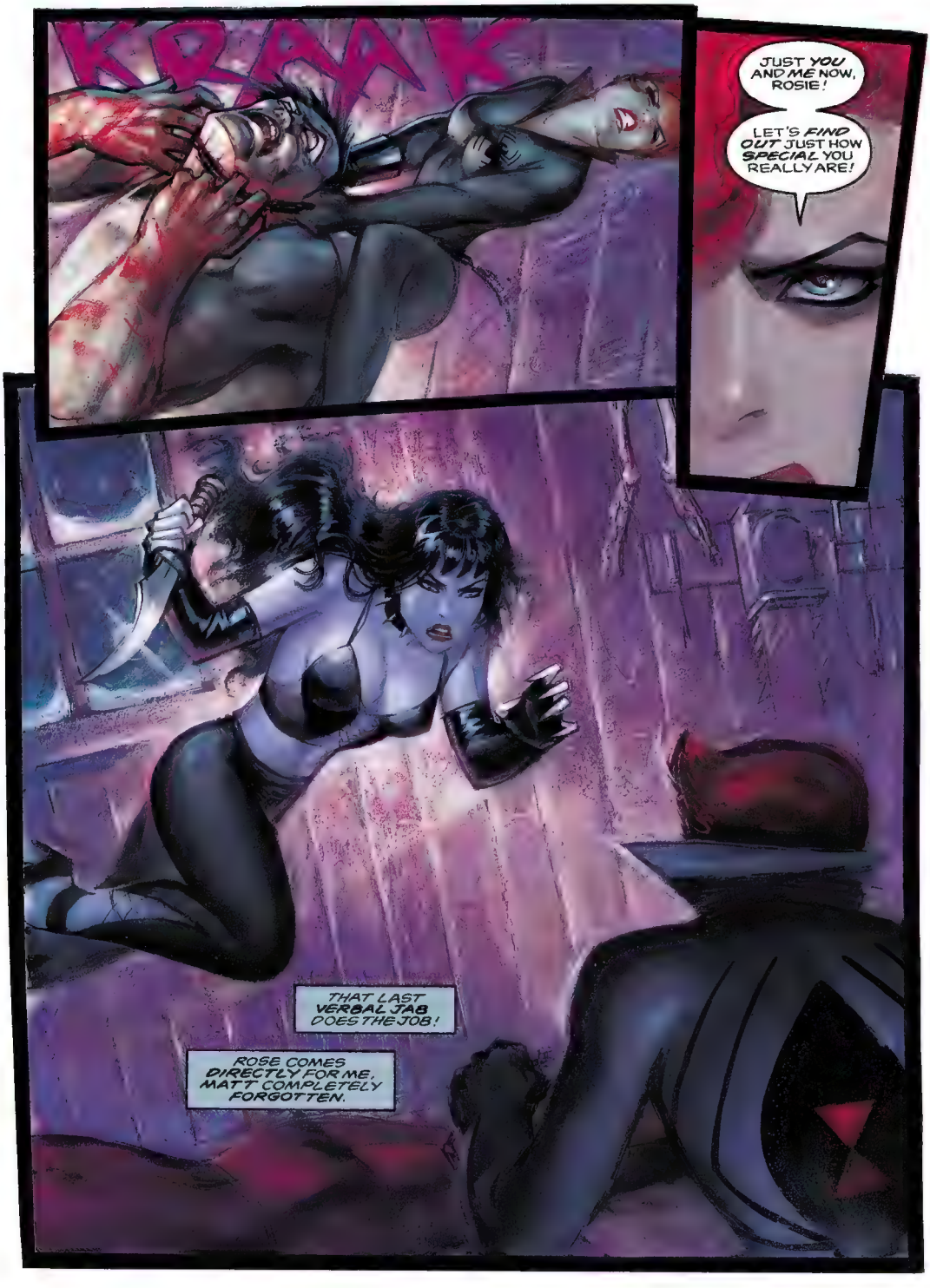
AND HIT HIM AGAIN.
AND AGAIN.
AND AGAIN!
IN THE END THAT'S ALL IT TAKES.
NOTHING ELSE MATTERS."
HUH?

UURRGGH!
GET THE CHAINS.
HEY, WIDOW LADY.
YOUR HERO'S ARRIVED.
COME TO SAVE THE DAY.

HE LOOKS TO BE A STRONG ONE.
DON'T LISTEN!
"LOTS OF MEAT ON THIS GUY.
DON'T LISTEN!
"GOING TO BE LOTSA FUN CARVING HIM UP."
WORK THE WRIST!
WORK THE WRIST!
WORK THE WRIST!
WORK THE...
CHARLIE!!

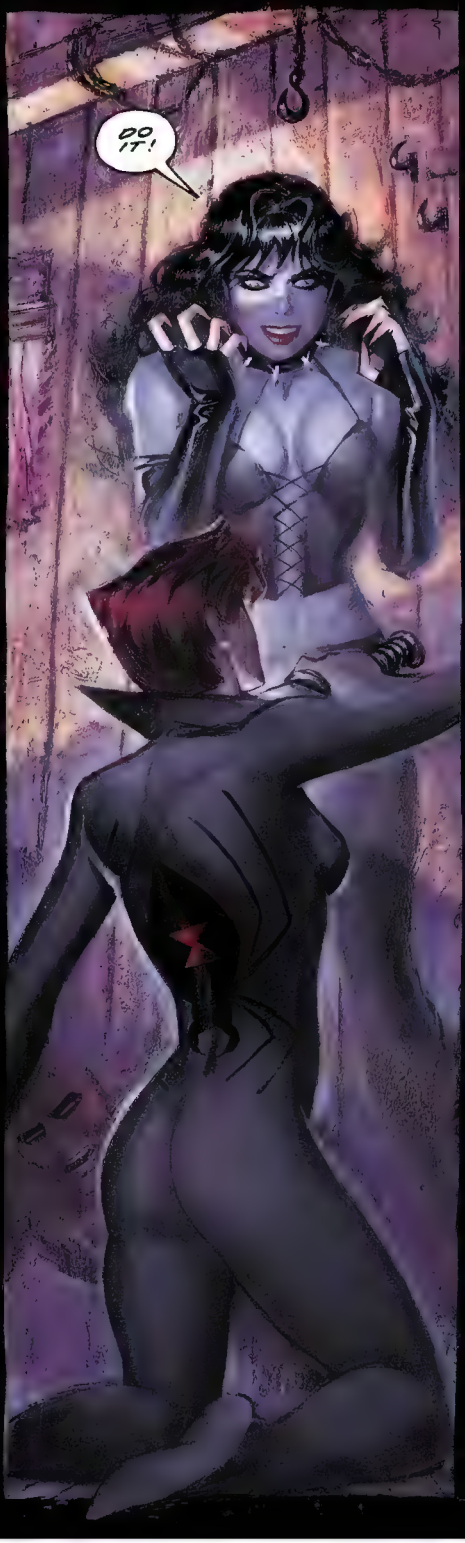
GOT TO TAKE HIM.
IGNORE THE PAIN AND STIFFNESS!
YOUR BODY'S NOT UP TO IT, GIRL!
BEEN HANGING TOO LONG!
FIGHT WITH YOUR HEAD!
USE ANYTHING THAT COMES TO HAND AS A WEAPON.
THIS IS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT FIGHTING FAIR!
YOU DON'T DROP CHARLIE OUT. YOU'RE DEAD!
AND SO IS MATT.
MATT...

...IS ABOUT TO GET A NEW SMILE.
LET CHARLIE LOOSE AND WE'LL WORK THIS OUT.
THEN MATT AND I BOTH DIE HORRIBLY.
OH, MATT...
WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, WIDOW?
PLAY OR PASS?
PLAY!

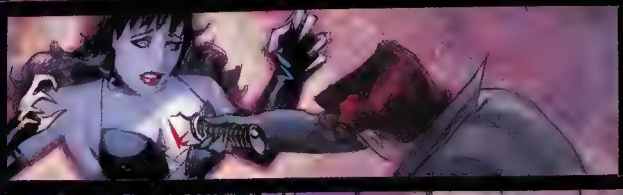

KRAAK
JUST YOU AND ME NOW, ROSIE!
LET'S FIND OUT JUST HOW SPECIAL YOU REALLY ARE!
THAT LAST VERBAL JAB DOES THE JOB!
ROSE COMES DIRECTLY FOR ME. MATT COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN.

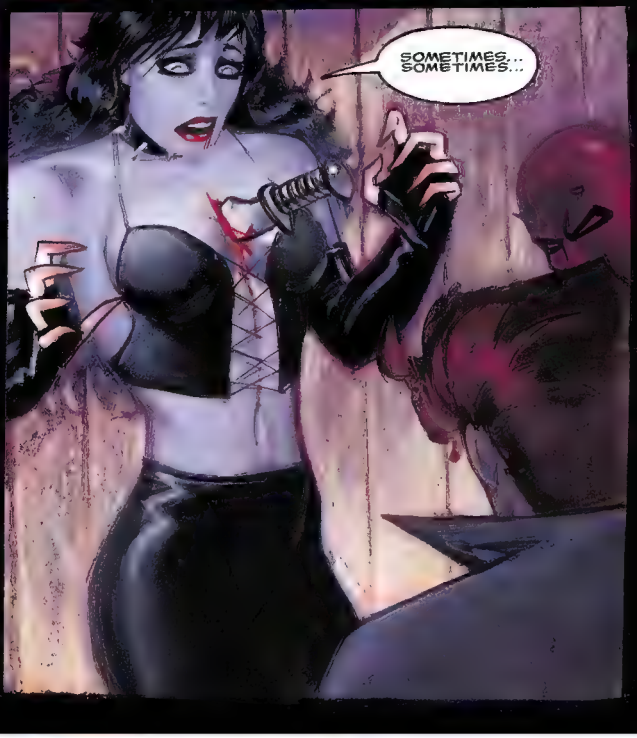
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SURVIVE MY OWN CLEVERNESS.
ROSE IS COMPLETELY BERSERK!
I FIGURE THAT'LL WORK TO MY ADVANTAGE.
AN ANGRY ENEMY IS AN UNTHINKING FOE.
MY TRAINING AND SKILL WILL WIN OUT IN THE END.
BUT THEN I DISCOVER...
...ROSIE'S RAGE WAS ALL AN ACT.

TAKE THE KNIFE, WIDOW.
SHE WENT FOR ME BECAUSE I WOULD HAVE REACHED HER WHILE SHE WAS SLICING MATT'S THROAT.
ROSE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TIME TO MAKE EYE CONTACT.
TAKE IT, BITCH!
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT.
THE THROAT'S A GOOD PLACE TO START.
NO!
LET'S SEE SOME BLOOD, WIDOW!


DO IT!

WHAT?!




SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES...

...SOMETIMES... I CAN ALMOST... HEAR MYSELF... TRYING TO... GET OUT.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?
TEARS FOR A TWISTED HORROR?

FURY'S MEN FIND ME CRADLING ROSE'S BODY IN MY ARMS.
WITHIN A COUPLE OF HOURS WE'RE IN SHIELD'S HELI-CARRIER'S SICK BAY, PATCHED UP AND RECOVERING.
"HI."
"HI YOURSELF."
STILL MAD AT ME?
NO.
SORRY I BLEW UP BEFORE.
I WAS OUT OF LINE. NOT MYSELF.
FURY FILLED ME IN ON WHAT CAME DOWN.
YOU GOT TO THE CABIN AS QUICKLY AS YOU COULD.
JUST NOT SOON ENOUGH TO SAVE WILSON AND BANCROFT.

I'M LUCKY YOU GOT THERE IN TIME FOR ME.
HOW YOU DOING, TAS?
I'LL MEND.
BUT HOW ARE YOU DOING?
I SPENT 18 HOURS WITH TWO MANIACS, GOT TRAPPED IN THE MIND OF ONE OF THEM.
SAW THE WORLD THROUGH HER TWISTED PERSPECTIVE, FELT HER SICK JOY IN BUTCHERY.
IN MANY WAYS I ACTUALLY BECAME PART OF ROSE.
AND SHE BECAME PART OF ME.

TIME.
THAT'S WHAT IT'S GOING TO TAKE.
I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
HUH, SURE.
LATER.
YEAH, I'LL GET OVER IT.
I'M ONE TOUGH BROAD, WHO'S SEEN A LOT WORSE.
I'VE FACED MONSTERS BEFORE.
I'LL BOUNCE BACK.

THE ONLY THING I WONDER ABOUT THOUGH...
...IS WHETHER I'M EVER AGAIN GOING TO FEEL CLEAN.
END

LOGO
ken lopez

DESIGNER
dawn geiger

PRODUCTION
steve bunche

MANUFACTURING COORDINATOR
christopher ebel

EDITORS
gregory wright
rob tokar

EDITOR IN CHIEF
tom defalco

Life is fluid. Some 90% of us is made up of water. Without this precious liquid we are nothing. We cease to exist. We're dead. This water's carried around in thin-skinned sacks. We must all be insane to race recklessly about in a world filled with so many sharp and pointed dangers. That's just asking for trouble.

DAREDEVIL:

The man without fear.

BLACK WIDOW:

Beautiful and deadly master spy.

ABATTOIR:

Slaughterhouse.